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No. 394

## THE SECRET.

BY EREN E. REXFORD,  
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A murmur of laughing waters  
Where the lily-blossoms rock,  
In the cool and shady eddies  
Where the ripples interlock.  
And close by the shore two lovers,  
But no words of love they say,  
Yet the prying breeze discovers  
What they're thinking of to-day.  
Ah! foolish and fond young maiden,  
Ah! lover with soulful eyes,  
Your smiles and your looks are laden  
With the wealth of love's argosies.  
The waters read your secret,  
And the breezes whisper it o'er  
To the robin whose nest is hidden  
In the willow by the shore.  
And the wild-bee tells to the clover  
The secret so strange and sweet,  
And the humming birds whisper it over  
In the wood-symph's cool retreat.  
Oh, lovers, bright as the day is  
May your future always be,  
But no longer hide as a secret  
The love which is plain to see!

## The Scarlet Captain: OR, The Prisoner of the Tower. A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"  
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER  
SAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE FALSE SON OF A TRUE RACE.  
"He stood alone—a renegade  
Against the country he betrayed."  
—BYRON.

By the blue waters of the far-famed Adriatic Sea, lies Dulcigno's town; a small village only, yet boasting as strong a tower as can be found from Otranto's strait to the Gulf of Venice.

Right on the border-land between Montenegro and Albania the town is situated, and at the time of which we write, the summer of 1876, it was the scene of bustle and confusion.

Nominally subject to Turkey, yet in reality almost independent in their mountain fastnesses, the stirring events which were shaking the Moslem empire to its very center—the de-thronement and death—assassination, to speak plainly—of one sultan, and the ascent to the blood-stained chair of state of another, affected the hardy mountaineers of Montenegro but little; yet when the new ruler of the old Ottoman empire talked blandly of reform and of equal rights to all his subjects, be they followers of the Prophet or Christians, but at the same time began to mass an army in the Christian provinces, signs of open revolt appeared.

With the army came the tax-gatherers, and the Turks talked loudly of the tribute due to the new sultan.

All the mountain land was inflamed; the spark of war might be lighted at any moment. The town of Dulcigno had been selected by the Turks as the headquarters of a powerful force.

It was plain that the insolent Moslems intended by this display of guns to awe the stubborn mountaineers into submission.

From Dulcigno the Turkish host threatened the very heart of Montenegro.

And now, having thus briefly depicted the stormy aspect of the times, we will proceed at once to our story.

A short half-mile from the town, northward, by the shore of the rock-bound coast, the strong tower of Dulcigno reared its gray walls, keeping watch and ward over land and sea.

Half-way between the tower and the town was a small inn, which displayed as its sign the grinning head of a large black bear.

To all the travelers who journeyed along the winding way, following the shore of the sounding sea from Dulcigno to Antivari and Cattaro, the inn of the Black Bear's Head was well known, being noted for its good cheer.

The shades of night were falling fast over rocky defile, sandy shore and ever-rolling wave.

Three men sat at a table, placed under a huge cork tree, a short distance from the ancient inn.

Three men as unlike each other as they possibly could be!

The first was a tall, fierce-eyed, sullen-faced person of forty, dressed, apparently, in a Turkish garb, for little of his costume could be seen, as he was closely enveloped in one of the peculiar garments common to the Albanians, a huge woolly mantle, made of horse-hair, with a cape attached, and termed a capote.

The second was a short, thick-set man, gross in face and form. He was dressed in the loose, baggy uniform, which the Turks borrowed from their allies, the French, at the time of the Crimean war. He had red hair, cropped tight to his head, huge red whiskers, and the little eyes which twinkled above his fat cheeks were as blue as the waters of the smiling Adriatic.

A chief of note was this personage in the Moslem host. He commanded a division of Bashi Bazouks, as the irregular cavalry of the Turks is termed, and the camel-driver Prophet, great Mahomet, never had a more ardent worshiper



A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the summons.

in public—than the stout soldier, Oflan Agan, as the warrior was termed.

But, surely, no Turk ever wore such a grin; no turbaned believer ever had such a capacity for strong liquor.

Write the name again then: O'Flanagan, Phelim O'Flanagan as he was christened, years ago, by old Father O'Toole, the parish priest of Ballingary, county Munster.

As a private soldier during the Crimean war O'Flanagan had marched away from his native hills. At the end of the strife he had accepted the liberal offers made by the Turks to induce Europeans to enter their service, and now, behold him after the lapse of years, transformed into a follower of the Prophet, his Celtic name transmogrified, he himself wedded to six wives, but in reality the same blundering, warm-hearted son of Erin as in the old days, when a strong arm, a stout heart and a "putty black-thorn stick" had comprised his earthly possessions.

The third one of the three was a little, wiry-looking fellow, habited in the Turkish uniform, and bearing the emblems which showed that he held the rank of colonel. He was called Hassan El Moola.

Although it is one of the articles of the Moslem creed that true believers shall not indulge in the juice of the grape, yet a bottle of the thin, native Albanian wine was before the three men and they were doing ample justice to it, the Irish-Turk, Oflan Agan, particularly.

The three had met evidently by appointment.

A few hearty drafts of the wine taken, the conversation began.

"Well, and how goes everything?" asked the tall man, whose name we have not yet given, but who was evidently the master-spirit of the three.

"I for one have obeyed your orders to the letter," Hassan answered. "My regiment is in possession of the tower and I have diligently strengthened the defenses so that I feel confident I can hold it against ten thousand men."

"Be the bones of St. Patrick!" cried the Irish-Turk, vociferously, but his speech tinged with the "sweet brogue" native to the South of Ireland, which neither time nor toil had served to diminish in the least, "but it's myself that has done exactly as ye bid! My division is posted just this side of the Pass of Douira, an' some me b'yes—wilder devils the world never saw!—have discovered a goat-track over the mountains, so that if the rascals get wind of our design and attempt to hold the pass ag'in us we can flank them by means of the goat-track an' come down on their rear an' then bag the lot of them."

"Excellent!" the tall, dark man exclaimed. "All is as I could wish then, and to-night my plan culminates."

His two companions looked inquiringly at their leader. It was plain that they were not in his confidence.

He noticed the look and understood the tenor of the questions which they wished to ask.

"Before midnight you shall know all," he said. "I am playing for a great stake and I have left no means untried to win. Hassan, is the suit of apartments in the tower prepared, for the lady?"

"It is."

"She will come as night thickens. Even now she is detained at the outpost by my orders under pretense that her passports are not correct. I do not wish her to see where she is going until it is too late for her to retreat."

"An' is it fair, general dear, to ax who is the lady?" questioned the Irishman, anxious as a woman.

"Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari!" "Bedad! ye fly at high game!" the Irishman exclaimed.

"Yes, else why should I take all this trouble? The lands of Scutari lie between us and Montenegro; bold and warlike mountaineers are these Scutari men, and whether they join hands with Nicholas of Montenegro, or ally themselves with us, depends upon the result of my plans. If I succeed, the way lies open into the very heart of Montenegro. I know these mountain men well. I am of their race, although I have forsown my kin and clime and become a renegade, a man without a country. Come! the night draws on. Catherine, the fairest woman that ever breathed this mountain air, will soon be here. We must to the tower to receive her."

The three paid their score, mounted their horses and set out.

### CHAPTER II.

THE AMERICAN AND THE UNKNOWN.

HARDLY had the figures of the three persons disappeared in the distance when another mounted man came up the road from the town. A tall, handsome fellow this time, evidently a mountaineer, for he was dressed after the Albanian fashion. A scarlet velvet jacket and vest, richly trimmed; a kilt-like skirt reaching to the knee, confined at the waist by a scarf of many hues, through the folds of which a pair of silver-mounted revolvers were thrust. The muscular legs of the stranger were protected by leggings of velvet cloth, held in their place by greaves of metal. Upon his head he wore the national head-dress of the mountaineer, a scarlet skull-cap, around which a light shawl was twisted, turban fashion, and hanging from his shoulders was the ever-common horse-hair mantle, the capote. In addition to the pistols, a sabre was buckled to his side.

A fine specimen of the hardy Montenegrin mountaineer was the horseman, with his long, oval face, fringed by flowing locks of dark-brown hair; his eyes deep hazel in hue, and bold and true in their expression. After the fashion of the mountain men, his beard was closely shaven, but he retained the mustache, the silken ends of which half hid his firm, resolute mouth.

The man was young, not yet thirty; but in his calm, thoughtful face could be read a resolution and wisdom seldom gifted to one of his years.

As he rode slowly up to the door of the inn, the eyes of the horseman were fixed upon the dark outlines of Dulcigno tower, rising dim and threateningly in the distance.

"What is the meaning of all these warlike preparations?" he muttered, communing with himself, "and why have they taken so much pains to fortify the old tower? Ismail Bey, too, the red-handed slaughterer, is here in person, and his presence always means mischief. Yon tower holds a secret which must be mine before the rising of another sun."

The horseman dismounted, seated himself at the table under the oak tree, and rapped upon it.

A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the summons.

"A bottle of wine," said the horseman, tossing a gold-piece upon the table.

"Yes, sir, immediately," said the maid, with

a curtsy and a coquettish smile, retreating to the inn again. It was plain that the lass was an ardent flirt.

The stranger laughed to himself; despite his sober face, he had an eye for a pretty woman.

"The girl may afford me some information," he mused.

The maid returned with the wine and a drinking-glass, and also the change for the horseman's gold-piece.

"Yon gray pile is the tower of Dulcigno, if I mistake not," the stranger half queried.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, quite willing to enter into a flirtation with the handsome fellow.

"Garrisoned now, I believe, by Turkish troops?"

"Yes, sir; the Bashi Bazouks of Hassan El Moola; terrible fellows they are, too, sir, but not half so bad as Oflan Agan's rascals."

And just at this point the conversation was suddenly interrupted.

Forth from the inn came a young, dashing-looking fellow; no Turk or Albanian, nor yet a Muscovite, but an unmistakable Anglo-Saxon, booted and spurred, and dressed in a rough traveling costume; well armed, too, revolvers and sabre and a repeating rifle slung across his back.

"I thought that I could not be mistaken!" he exclaimed, advancing straight to the horseman with outstretched hands; "although I might have expected to meet you somewhere in this region, yet I did not think that I should so soon have the pleasure."

"Ah, you remember me!" quoth the horseman, hastily, and with a warning look in his eyes.

"Oh, yes, your—"

"Captain!" cried the stranger, quickly. "I have been promoted since we met in Paris."

"Yes! I am glad to hear of it."

The girl, understanding that her presence was no longer required, discreetly withdrew, leaving the two friends, for such in truth they were, to converse without restraint.

Robert Lauderdale, the new-comer was called; a son of the great western republic, far across the rolling waters, a native of the State of Mississippi, and a brave and able officer of the Confederate army during the war of the rebellion.

Six months previous to the time of which we write, at the Grand Hotel in Paris he had made the acquaintance of the horseman. Both being about the same age, with tastes in common, the two had become quite intimate.

"The times are troublous now, and I am on Turkish soil," the horseman explained. "I was afraid lest, unconsciously, you might betray me. The Bashi Bazouks would not be apt to show me much mercy."

"Is war then declared?"

"Not yet, but it is liable to be at any moment."

"I am in time, then."

"You intend to take a part in the struggle?"

"Am I not a soldier of fortune?" demanded the American. "An exile from my own land, I hope to win fame and wealth here in the old world."

"The Turk pays well, and European officers are in demand," the horseman observed quietly.

"No Turk buys my sword!" Lauderdale cried, quickly. "The Christian mountaineers of Montenegro shall be my comrades. The son of a free soil, I sympathize with the men who struggle for liberty against a tyrant!"

The stranger quietly extended his hand, which the American clasped warmly.

"You shall have my influence if it can serve you," the horseman said.

"Your influence must be all powerful, your—"

"Captain!" exclaimed the horseman, warningly. "You must not forget; I am only a simple captain."

"Yes, but Captain what? Suppose I were questioned?"

"Well, Captain anything—Captain Scarlet if you like," responded the other, with a smile, glancing at his attire as he spoke, the prevailing hue of which was scarlet.

"Yes; Captain Scarlet or Scarlet Captain, eh? like a romance of the olden time; and then, as a partisan leader—the role which I presume you will play here—you will need another title, something striking. Suppose we say the Slasher of Scutari, as I presume the field of your operations will be on the Montenegrin side of Lake Scutari."

"The title will answer admirably!" the Captain—for so in future we will term the horseman—replied, laughing.

"We'll drink success to the Scarlet Captain!"

A stray glass had been left upon the table; gayly they quaffed the thin wine.

"Is yonder gray castle the tower of Dulcigno?" Lauderdale asked, his eyes falling upon the ancient keep.

The Captain nodded.

"The very place I was in search of! Before midnight that tower will hold two more precious jewels."

"Indeed! Explain."

"A month ago, at Baden-Baden, I made the acquaintance of a most charming girl, Alexina Petrovitch by name, and foster-sister to Catherine Belina, the Countess of Scutari. I also became acquainted with the countess at the same time, but, although she is a most beautiful girl, there is altogether too much of the grand dame about her to suit me. I am an adventurer, with nothing but my sword, for my ancestral acres, the old plantation in Mississippi, are so heavily incumbered that I count them as nothing. Alexina is an orphan, without fortune, so we are exactly suited to each other. My courtship was progressing splendidly, when the news came of the death of the old count, Catherine's father, and she was summoned home. My lady-love of course went with her, and I followed. I saw a chance to kill two birds with one stone—pursue my suit with the charming Alexina and at the same time, being on the spot where the coming war was likely to transpire, I could take part in it."

"But what has the castle to do with these two ladies, for, as I understand, they are the jewels to whom you have referred?"

"Exactly. In the tower of Dulcigno the countess is to meet the executors of her father's estate. Through some misunderstanding the party is detained at one of the Turkish outposts, but I was assured by the officer in charge that they would reach the tower just after nightfall. It is necessary for me to gain entrance to the tower, for I must see Alexina; she has no idea that I am here."

"I'll go with you!" the captain exclaimed, abruptly. "I am anxious to learn why the Turks have taken so much pains to fortify the tower."

"Capital! I can easily gain admittance; I have scraped an acquaintance with a Bashi Bazouk leader, one Skipton Pasha, who has promised to aid me."

### CHAPTER III.

THE WILL OF THE SCUTARI MEN.

In the old tower a suit of apartments had been fitted up with unusual care, and to them the Countess of Scutari and her foster-sister, the gentle Alexina, had been conducted immediately upon their arrival.

They had been at the Turkish outpost until about eight o'clock, and then, with a thousand apologies for the delay, had been conducted straight to the tower.

The countess, coming with all possible speed, upon learning of the death of her father, had not staid for an escort, and was accompanied only by her foster-sister, two maids and the old priest, Father Ivan, who had brought the news of her parent's death.

A collation was prepared for the party immediately upon their arrival and the countess was informed that as soon as she had satisfied her hunger the executor of her father, the late Count Michael, would wait upon her.

Catherine wondered somewhat that the strong tower of Dulcigno, garrisoned by Turkish troops, should be selected by the representative of her father's people as the place of meeting—the more, too, that the old priest was totally unable to tell her who the party was.

The repast ended, the countess informed the chief servant, a swarthy-browed Turk, that she was prepared to give audience to the representative of the men of Scutari.

Behold the two girls, then, in the great room of the tower, waiting the approach of the messenger.

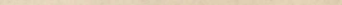
Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari, was as fair a woman as ever the Montenegrin sun had shone upon—tall and straight, a very queen in bearing, with great blue eyes, lustrous with ever-varying light; a face, pure Greek in its outline and as superbly modeled as though Dame Nature, jealous of the antique statues of the olden-time sculptors, had resolved, in this daughter of a modern age, to show how far living beauty could put to blush the perfection and trick of art.

One fault alone in the face—the proud and haughty expression which was ever written there.















## TWO LIVES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Over the way there is a lonely gray mansion,  
Standing in silence and grandeur alone;  
And in it there dwell two world-weary women,  
Women from whom youth and beauty have flown.

No light and no love but a cold, gloomy splendor  
Wraps like a cloud the house over the way,  
And something about the two owners whispers  
Of a wrong pathway taken in sunny May.

Far back in the years, ere stern Time's desolation  
Had cast its dark shadows o'er youth's rosy morn,  
Two maidens were choosing from life's many paths  
The one they should travel, with love or alone.

At the feet of sweet Winnie, the youngest and  
fairest,  
Were laid two bright offerings, man's homage to  
love:

One told of land, and of gems, and old titles,  
The other of nothing but true earnest love.

Sweet is love's music, but a diamond's cold luster  
Blinded young eyes, and the heart would not  
speak;

And Winnie's gold curls wore the jewels of fortune,  
And then she remembered that hearts sometimes  
break.

Beautiful Vashiti, the proud, silent sister—  
Vashiti, who scorned the wild impulse of love,  
And closed her proud heart to the loved and the  
loving.

For the sake of the praise that is genius' treas-  
ure-trove.

And without a loved one to caress or to cheer her,  
She climbed the high mount to Fame's glittering  
tower.

And learned when weary she paused at the summit,  
That Fame is a garland that fades in an hour.

Fame gone, all is gone; no one to love her—  
No one to cheer her when she is old.

And Vashiti and Winnie learned through years of  
sorrow,  
That peace is not purchased with honor or gold.

And now they are waiting, gray-haired and for-  
saken.

Waiting Time's sickle to sever Earth's hold,  
Vashiti, who trampled all else for Fame's plaudits,  
And Winnie who sold her bright beauty for gold.

Oh! bitter the ashes of life's disappointments!  
For we learn when too late which course to pursue;  
And heart-sore and weary we lay down life's burdens  
With the hope of his mercy forever in view.

## Her Brief Idyl.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

YELLOW-WHITE sands glittering in the cool  
sunlight. Beyond, the majestic sweep  
and swell of the Atlantic, its blue-green waves  
dashing in ceaseless, thunderous foam-wreaths  
on the beach.

Nearer, the other side the wide carriage-  
drive that, parallel with the ocean front,  
was the wide reach of emerald tufted lawn,  
dotted with trees, and flowering shrubs, and  
flanked by footpaths and the carriage-way,  
and inclosed by the rustic fence that extended so  
far along Ocean avenue that people invariably  
asked who it was owned such a large estate.

The house itself stood in the direct center  
of the grounds, like a jewel in its casement—a  
large, imposing, magnificent residence, built  
for a seaside home, with its treble row of ver-  
andas, its large observatory, its airy win-  
dows. It was furnished elaborately, with  
costly carpets, furniture, paintings, statuary,  
lace draperies—for Cecil Conway did not want  
to enjoy her summer home amid a paucity of  
the elegances of life to which she had been al-  
ways accustomed.

She was a grand, splendid woman—this pet  
of fortune, this Cecil Conway, whose pos-  
sessions were fabulous, almost, whose personal  
charms were many, whose intellectual and so-  
cial acquisitions were as nearly perfection as  
ever woman's attainments were. But—rich,  
handsome, cultured though she was, she was  
unmarried, to the surprise unspeakable of every  
one who knew her.

To-day, she was sitting on her front veranda,  
looking out across lawn and drive and sands,  
at the ceaseless swell of low, thunderous  
surge of the ocean, her thoughtful gray eyes  
following line after line of foamy breakers as  
they tumbled in mad riot on the beach—she  
was sitting in her especial chair—a low bam-  
boo rocker, against which her royally-poised  
head was leaning languidly, tiredly. You  
could see what a glorious creature she was—  
what perfect curve of limb and hauteur of  
grace and high-toned nobility of soul there  
was; you could tell from her attire—so plain  
and exquisitely suitable, that her tastes were  
cultured and womanly; and you also might  
have told, had you been an observant reader  
of faces, that the wistfulness in Cecil Conway's  
gray eyes, the weary curve of her perfect lips,  
the relaxed position of her graceful form, all  
meant that away down in her heart there was  
an incompleteness.

And there had been incompleteness for years.  
Cecil was thinking of it this lovely, slumberous  
summer afternoon; thinking of it, not with  
sickly sentimentalism, for she was not the wom-  
an to yield to such morbidity of soul, but  
going over all that past when she had been in-  
toxicated with the joys and hopes that come  
only, if not often, to all women's hearts.

Of course it had been a love romance—sitting  
in that selfsame bamboo rocker, looking out  
on the same eternity of ceaseless wave and  
wash. Cecil Conway, eight years ago, when  
the perfect blush and bloom of womanhood at  
twenty-two was upon her, had thought that  
life's goldenest, rosiest vistas were opening be-  
fore her—that the gates of highest human  
happiness were unfolding before her at the  
masterful touch of Dr. Garland's hand.

And now, when her thirtieth birthday had  
come and gone, she knew how she had been  
disappointed, how Arch Garland had looked  
unutterable things in her eyes, and held the  
cup of happiness to her parched, eager lips,  
and then—vanished from her life like a meteor  
into the darkness of the horizon.

She had once or twice heard of him since the  
day—the night he had left her, without a hint  
of farewell, without a syllable of his intentions.  
She had heard of him in Washington, popular,  
courted, admired as he invariably was where-  
ver he went. Then, once she had seen some  
one who had seen him briefly, and she learned  
that he was well and as usual. But beyond  
that there were no other cases in her desert  
of painful memories.

Until to-day. Ten minutes ago, Mamie  
Fletcher had tossed the lines of her ponies and  
phaeton to her groom, and came eagerly up  
the walk to Cecil's door—a pretty, dashing  
brunette in pale pink gorgery and black vel-  
vet bows.

"Such glorious news, Miss Conway! Papa  
and Philip are coming to-night, and in papa's  
letter he told me to be sure to tell you that a  
great friend of Philip's was coming with them—  
Dr. Garland, also an old friend of yours."

A paleness of Cecil's always exquisitely fair  
complexion, a sudden darkening of the irises  
of her wistful gray eyes, were the only tokens  
she gave that the news had touched her with  
agonizing pain mingled with mad, blissful rap-  
ture—tokens that Miss Fletcher was too girlishly  
indifferent to observe.

"I wondered if papa hadn't made a mistake,

because I am quite sure I have never heard  
you mention Dr. Garland's name in all the  
three years I have known you."

Cecil told the girl's curiosity; her answer  
was exquisitely straightforward and honest.

"Oh, yes, I knew him very intimately at  
one time—years ago, when you were a tiny  
girl. Mamie, dear, tell your father I thank  
him for his kindness in sending me word, and  
do not let me detain you from your drive any  
longer. So much obliged that you took the  
trouble to stop."

Somehow she got the girl away, and then  
she went up to her own room—a broad, wide  
chamber, dainty, airy, shady, that overlooked  
the ocean; with a wide veranda all around it,  
where luxuriant vines rioted in leafy growth,  
where rustic baskets, feathery with plummy  
foliage, gorgeous with variegated blossoms,  
swayed to and fro in the cool, salt breeze.

Inside the door, she shut and locked it, and  
then, alone, Cecil Conway, proud, dignified,  
self-possessed, clenched her fair strengthful  
hands in a clasp that was pure physical agony;  
and bowed her royal head on her breast, and  
walked up and down, up and down, fighting  
all the upspringing memories that had come  
trooping, like revived ghosts, at the sound of  
the name of the man she had worshipped.

Oh, she had loved him so entirely, so utterly!  
He had commanded every fiber of her nature—  
mental, by his over-masterful intellect; moral,  
by his lordly will; physical, by his splendid  
beauty, his rare, passionate tenderness, every  
word, every look, every act of which had  
seemed to her a caress. She had crowned  
him her king; she had thrived in the holy  
of holies of her heart; she had made him the  
living, breathing realization of that which wom-  
an so rarely finds—her ideal lover; and then,  
after all that, she had seen that her idol was  
of common clay, because he had left her so  
cruelly, oh, so cruelly!

And now, he was coming where she was  
again, where she would hear the voice that  
used to thrill her to her very soul; where she  
would see the godlike face that never was  
turned toward her but that an ecstatic thank-  
giving went up from her heart that it was  
given her to have found favor in his sight.  
He was coming! The man she had loved so  
madly, the man for whose sake no other love  
could ever be tolerated by her, the man who  
had left her!

That was the most exceedingly bitter drop  
in her cup—Dr. Garland had left her, without  
a word, without a hint, without a farewell;  
left her to a desolation he must have known  
was appallingly awful.

But she had gone through those early days  
of sharpest suffering; she had lived until calm-  
ness and endurance had come to be matters of  
fact, until she had even learned to think that a  
quiet happiness was possible even to her, who  
should go through life unloved, unloved, be-  
cause her mate had won her to throw her aside  
as worthless.

But now, into that comparative calmness of  
content, into that passivity she had called hap-  
piness, had suddenly, sharply, come a feverish-  
ness of pain, and ecstasy, and vague longing.  
He was coming; she would see him within  
forty-eight hours, for never a day passed that  
she and the Fletchers did not meet, and she  
would not have had the usual custom broken  
for appearance's sake, for pride's sake.

That was the one burden of thought on her  
mind, that had eclipsed all other thoughts—she  
would see him soon, hear him speak, touch his  
hand.

"If only, if only I can school myself into  
calmness and the indifference he deserves, for  
my own sake, I should show him. Only let it  
come to me in full force—how he cruelly left  
me, without so much as the coolest farewell  
that almost strangers would have accorded one  
another—just let me remember that, when we  
meet, and it will stifle this other feeling that  
never will be perfectly overcome—this love  
that is undying as the soul that suffers it."

She had ceased her slow, monotonous prome-  
nade; her hands had unclasped; and her head  
was lifted off her breast, so that all its suffer-  
ing, and pride, and determination, were seen at  
a glance at its paleness and at the sweet, yearn-  
ing eyes. She sat down, wearily, in a low rus-  
set chair, where she could reach her little pearl  
and ebony writing-case, her jewel-case, with  
its many hidden, unsuspected compartments,  
where she could look between the floating mesh-  
es of foamy lace curtains, and swinging vines  
and swaying baskets, out on the gay avenue  
below, at the ceaseless sea beyond, gleaming  
and glittering in the slanting afternoon sun-  
light. There was a purple-gray dimness away  
off at the horizon, and a thin, delicate haze  
creeping into the sunshine; all over the face  
of the ocean were riding white caps of foam; low,  
half-hushed, half-anxious bursts of wind surged  
around the house every few minutes, like a  
voice of ill-suppressed passion.

Almost mechanically Cecil thought of the  
storm that was brooding; then she remembered  
that the night when Dr. Garland had gone away,  
eight years before, there had come up a sud-  
den, violent thunder-storm and heavy, sweep-  
ing gusts; and now, he was to cross her path  
again in the wake of another storm. Was it  
typical? Had it been prophetic, she asked  
herself, as, half mechanically, half languidly,  
she drew her chair nearer her jewel-case, to  
select her ornaments for the evening? There  
was a hushed, suppressed look in her eyes, and  
on her face, as she laid out drawer after draw-  
er on her lap—pearls reposing cozily on one  
velvet tray, rare diamonds on another, scintil-  
lating amethysts, blood-thrilled rubies, blue-  
eyed sapphires, great sparkling emeralds, on  
others.

Then, she suddenly paused as she came to  
the very deepest tray, one that was empty, but  
which she knew covered the bottom of the  
safe, whereon had lain, in silence and dark-  
ness, one suit of ornaments she had never  
worn, never seen, never wanted to touch, since  
she had torn them off, a night, eight years ago,  
when she learned the fate that had come to her.

But, somehow, now she felt an unconquer-  
able desire to get them out, to put them on;  
and with almost a little shiver of excitement,  
her fair cold fingers, that trembled in spite of  
herself, lifted the lowermost azure velvet tray  
to see—the exquisitely carved gold chain, the  
heavy gold cross, curvaceous with diamonds,  
the pendants for her dainty ears, the circlets  
for her smooth, white wrists—and—and—a  
letter addressed to her, to Cecil Conway, in  
Arch Garland's hand; a sealed letter, of whose  
existence she had never known—of the mystery  
of whose hiding she had never dreamed.

A sudden gasping sound came to her lips as  
she snatched it—a low, half-unintelligible moan  
that was neither joy or sorrow, as she tore it  
open, to read, that eight years ago Arch Gar-  
land had laid his heart, his hand, his name—  
himself, at her feet, pleading for an instantane-  
ous answer as a man pleads for his life, and yet,  
showing all his bold masterfulness in every  
word by which he called her to him, to be his  
very own forever.

And she had never known! Of her uncon-  
sciousness she had never driven him away, and

doomed himself and herself to such suffering as  
might God spare other mortals!

Day-d, almost petrified into a sensation that  
was indescribable, Cecil Conway sat there for  
all the hours of that evening, sending apolo-  
gies to her callers and her permanent guests,  
not daring to show her face to mortal eyes,  
and trying to understand how it would all  
come about, trying to think if she could dare  
believe the years had found him, one by one,  
as they had found her, tender and true.

All of a sudden, a burst of sunlight stream-  
ed through the fast-gathering clouds; and at  
the selfsame moment there swept over Cecil  
Conway's face a radiance, an ecstasy, a bril-  
liancy that almost glorified her; for it had come  
to her, with a force she could not understand,  
that when he came to her, or when they met,  
she would explain it all, and then—then—!

She slept tranquilly as a babe that night.  
Outside thunder rolled and lightning gleamed,  
and the ocean roared like furious beasts, and  
the wind and rain fairly buffeted the windows  
of her room; but Cecil slept well, with Arch Gar-  
land's precious letter under her fair cheek, with  
the glorious hope of the morrow irradiating  
even her dreams with a halo of happiness.

And the morrow brought him; not morning  
or afternoon, but, just as she had expected, he  
came in the late evening, with the Fletchers—  
and now, as he called her by her sweet beauty,  
and suppressed excitement of patient waiting,  
and rosy glow of hope, and faith, and glad-  
ness.

Their hands met in a pleasant, friendly wel-  
coming clasp. His splendid, masterful eyes  
looked down in hers, his proud mouth smiled  
just as it did years ago when Cecil had so pined  
for his kisses.

"How unchanged the years have left you! I  
cannot realize it is nearly a decade since we  
used to be so much together. Those were  
pleasant times, Cecil."

Her heart was throbbing fiercely at sound of  
his voice, at sound of her name.

"Yes, I remember them as very pleasant,  
and now, as I remain the same, Dr. Gar-  
land, how have the years dealt with you?"

Her voice was almost solemn in its quiet  
tones. Her wistful eyes were on his face, his  
own bending near hers.

"How have they dealt with me? Well—and  
well, I think."

Her eyes suddenly smiled.

"And you have brought no wife back with  
you?"

Then he laughed.

"Wife! Not yet, Cecil."

"Not yet?" Did not that mean, "No—never  
till the one woman I love, whose name is Cecil  
Conway, shall let me call her by that blessed  
name?" Did it not mean that?

A great thrill of almost speechless ecstasy  
surged over her, almost stopping the rapid  
throbbing of her true, loving heart.

She looked up, a great, womanly tenderness  
in her sweet, gray eyes, a mute, brave glory  
all over her face.

"I wish to tell you, then, that until yester-  
day I never knew of the letter you wrote me  
eight years ago. It was hidden, how, or by  
whom, or why, I never will know. Last night,  
for the first time, I read it."

Her voice trembled at the last; he saw the  
diamonds in her eyes, on her hands, quiver  
with the bravely suppressed emotion. Then—

"It has been unfortunate, very, my friend  
Cecil, but time has brought its balm of healing  
to me, and I think you will let me tell you of  
Lulie Vane my little betrothed far away in  
Washington."

And she listened, and answered something,  
and bade him good-night when the party went  
away, five minutes later, and then she went  
upstairs, slowly, wearily, and sat down in her  
room and cried—ah, such tears!

The Bitter Secret;  
OR,  
THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"MY LIFE BEFORE HIS!"

FROM the instant when the brave girl resolved  
upon this desperate scheme, all things seemed to  
smooth before her, every obstacle to melt away,  
and, instead of inanimate objects getting in her  
way after her prevergent wont, they seemed to  
lend themselves—everything she came in con-  
tact with—to her purpose.

Never had a mad undertaking been so easy of  
achievement as this of the devoted daughter to  
save her father's life.

Things happened something thus:  
With the brightness of her purpose was  
still upon her, she looked down and saw the  
dainty, slim form of Godiva, clad bewitchingly  
in an opal-tinted morning-robe, with her rosiest  
arms gleaming bare to the flowing lace at the  
elbow. She was moving in and out among the  
stiff, frozen figures of the humiliated and dis-  
tressed, in lovely contrast; evidently she was  
not going with the hunt, and yet was coquette  
enough to present her floral beauty, enhanced  
by the stiff toilets of the other ladies, to some  
favored eye, even at the risk of dragging her in-  
dolent, ease-loving limbs forth from her couch  
at three o'clock of the morning.

Monica had been through all the house, we  
know; she knew the inhabited portion of it  
much better than the other, and, once she had  
escaped from these mysterious labyrinths, could  
find her way to any room.

Whenever she saw Godiva, she told herself:  
"Now is your chance to get a riding-habit;"  
and once more trusting herself to the corridors,  
she had seen the scene of her half-delirious  
wanderings, she sped straight to the low-browed  
door, and from thence, swift and unerringly, to  
Godiva's apartments.

Fearful that the lady's maid might be there,  
she was cautious in her entrance. But Florie  
was deep in flirtation below with Lord Glen-  
dell's valet, and the long, dim sumptuous suit  
was left to itself, with no better guard against  
intrusion than the key turned in the antecham-  
ber lock.

Monica fitted in, her black silk skirts gathered  
tight about her in case of rustling, and her black  
eyes gleaming with a resolution that would have  
daunted the fair mistress of the dainty splendor  
she looked upon had she met her then, face to  
face.

Godiva, the distant relative of proud Der-  
went, lodged well under the roof of him she had  
plotted to murder; her taste was obviously and  
determinately modern, and not one stick of the  
magnificent old furniture that so ravished con-  
noisseurs had been permitted to remain within  
her regions.

Frescoes, satin-and-silver hangings, velvet  
carpets, mirrors of crystal-and-silver in true  
Venetian style, silver chairs and divans, gor-  
geously framed pictures, the subjects of which  
were forgotten in the overpowering frames  
which surrounded them; showy bric-a-brac,  
shimmering cages, with brilliant-plumaged  
mute birds; heaps upon heaps of gaily-bound  
books, the leaves uncut; of lustrous garments,  
lovingly displayed where their owner's eyes  
would fall upon them the first thing on awa-  
king in the morning; the blue-and-lace bed,  
with silver-tissue hangings and sachet-counterpane—  
all that eye could see loudly proclaimed the  
secular nature of Godiva's tastes—her love, nay,  
her craving greed of costliness and ease, luxu-

rious lavishness and sensuous delights; for she  
had none of that pure, more elevating love of  
beauty for beauty's own noble sake, nor the in-  
stinct, God-given, which sees a loveliness in the  
commonest wayside flower far beyond the  
flaunting glory of the scentless exotic, and in  
all beauty sees heaven and goodness symbolized.

In passing through the three intervening  
chambers which opened into one another, a  
Indian cabinet, before she reached the final one,  
the dressing-room, Monica Derwent uncon-  
sciously perceived all this—unconsciously, I say,  
for at the time her whole heart and mind were  
bent on her present purpose, and she was not  
aware that she had had time to receive any im-  
pressions until after the fact.

Still favored by capricious accident, she went  
unerringly on until she found herself before an  
exquisitely made Japanese wardrobe, the mas-  
tiff height of which seemed to indicate that it  
was used for hanging dresses whose long trains  
required more than usual space. As it was  
ajar, Monica was instantly running her clever,  
deft hands over the various folds of silk and  
rich material which filled the dark interior.  
She came anon to the heavy, smooth folds of a  
cloth garment, took it off its hook, and saw what  
she sought—an elegantly-made riding-habit of  
invisible green. A cap of the same color was  
attached to the costume, and a pair of delicate  
white riding gauntlets in the pockets of it; she  
looked for the accompanying whip in the bottom  
of the wardrobe, and found it also. With these  
things in her arms she glided from the dangerous  
locality, and, shutting herself into the first room  
she came to in the unhabited half of the house,  
had the satisfaction of soon seeing herself re-  
flected in the dim, cobweb-draped mirror—an  
equestrian figure of as much elegance and fash-  
ion as any lady of them all.

She finished her toilet by winding thickly  
and securely a long black tissue veil round  
and round her small cap, after which she might have  
deftly eyed her own portrait to recognize her.

When she hid her own costume in one of the  
curious old cabinets that were everywhere, she  
ingeniously puzzling recess in which she had  
placed it, and put the key in her pocket.

And now to obtain a horse, and ride into the  
forest while the party were safely out of the way  
at breakfast.

Here, too, fate befriended her.

She walked quietly through the most private  
passages which she knew would eventually lead  
her to the court-yard, meeting one or two ser-  
vants on the way, who, however, only stared at  
him venturing to address him, and they sup-  
posed to be one of the stranger ladies lounging  
through the corridors for curiosity; and soon  
she was standing, with an air of languid indif-  
ference, on the ladies' mounting-block, looking  
about her.

A footman in the Derwent livery edged near  
her, cap in hand, ready for orders. She ab-  
ruptly turned to him, saying, in a petulant  
voice:

"Have you happened to see any one waiting  
for me? Lord—but, no! I mean it, she must  
wait for him. Order a horse brought round for  
me—instantly, you hear?"

She tossed him a sovereign which she had just  
found in the tiny silver-net *poeche* at Godiva's  
feet, and, properly impressed by her imperious  
air, bowed obsequiously, and ran to give the  
order to the head groom.

In three minutes a helper came trotting along  
into the court, holding loosely by the bridle a  
superb hunting mare, whose steel-gray coat,  
satin of sheen, and lean head, and quick, quiv-  
ering muscles, and large, soft, brilliant eyes,  
spoke unequivocally of blood—of race, all over  
her; and sent a shiver of nameless excitement  
through the very heart-fibers of the untired  
rider.

Many people have watched the approach of a  
wild beast with less sickening apprehension  
than did poor Monica that of her father's queen  
of the stud.

But she was committed to this course, how-  
ever desperate—she, like the careful animal  
now prancing before the mounting-block in the  
exuberance of her spirits, felt the proud blood  
of an ancient race tingling through her delicate  
body; she set her teeth to keep them from  
biting, and, gaily, she donned her riding cap, and  
placed the other daintily on the obse-  
quious groom's offered shoulder, and sprang into  
the saddle.

As she settled in her lofty seat, and saw the  
proud neck of the impatient animal arching it-  
self before her, her courage came back, her  
heart swelled high, and in a sort of reckless de-  
light in her danger she patted that glossy neck  
with her little firm hand, then tightening the  
reins as she had seen other riders do, off sprang  
the mare with a snort of pleasure, through the  
archway and away.

After the first giddy feeling, and convulsive  
effort to accommodate herself to the poise and  
motion, Monica settled in her saddle with the  
fearless grace of a born equestrienne. How  
could she be awkward here, where her straight,  
well-poised form, her brave soul, her inborn  
presence of mind, and her rich exuberance of  
young spirit, which laughed at bodily peril and  
enjoyed the rush and the ecstasy of daring?

Hearing the sound of hoofs behind her, she  
looked back, to see the same groom in Derwent  
livery in attendance. This reassured her more  
than ever, for she saw that she had got off under  
the very best of auspices, and would inevitably  
be mistaken by all for one of the mansion's  
guests, gone off by herself in rippe, which mood  
would also account for her thick veil and jealously  
concealed features.

She allowed her mount to carry her down the  
avenue out of sight of the mansion, then, hav-  
ing somewhat familiarized herself to her posi-  
tion, she reined in the docile beauty and waited  
for the groom to ride up.

"Conduct me to a point which the hunt is  
sure to pass," she commanded the man, "and  
then ride slowly, so that you shall give me a  
few instructions, for I have never been on horse-  
back before," and she laughed as it was a good  
joke.

The man's eyes opened wide in amazement  
and concern; he looked as closely as he dared  
into the veiled face, dying to see which of the  
ladies was so daring.

"And don't you go and tell it, either," she  
continued, petulantly; "I'm not going to be  
laughed at for a madcap, and lectured and hec-  
ored by all the old fogies and prudish—and  
mean to enjoy one deer-hunt if I never go home  
alive," and she shrugged her shoulders and  
laughed mockingly, doing the character of a  
spoiled beauty so successfully that Giles made  
up his mind on the spot that he had the luck to  
be the sole protector and master of the posses-  
sion of the lovely romp, Lady Madge Devlin, whose  
pranks kept the Weald alive, and he grinned to  
himself as he anticipated the holy horror of her  
straight-laced chaperone, Dowager Lythwicke,  
and the terror of her adorer, Lord Francis  
Traine, when they discovered this maddest of  
all her freaks.

But she was as celebrated for her boundless lib-  
erality in the matter of sovereigns as for her  
mirthful follies, and Giles was well content to  
earn her gratitude; so, as he touched his hat he  
vowed that "ne'er a soul should hear from him  
a word of the matter," and that "he'd take right  
good care of her, only she must follow his in-  
structions, my lady, for that 'Silky Sybil,' thar,  
as a rare, to go, only she love to inter her  
pretty head that them as rode her didn't know  
her business."

Having thus shown the grave necessity of his  
services, the pair went ambling side by side over  
the long green stretches of the home park, while  
Monica took her first lesson, hanging on the  
words of the old fellow with all her mind and  
brain, and really learning more in that half-hour  
than any one not pressed by a matter of life and  
death could have learned in a week.

So that when the long-echoing bugle-call rung  
through the wood, and the distant thunder  
showed that the hunters were sweeping forth  
from the gates in grand cavalcade, she, sitting at  
rest on a gentle eminence, screened from obser-  
vation by a hazel copse, felt so secure that she  
sent her attendant on a wild-goose chase to  
fetch her a branch of silky catkins from a pop-

lar half down the hill; and then, lifting her  
veil, she coolly took the field-glass from its case  
on her saddle, and watched the approach of the  
Master of Dornoch and his guests, as they came  
merrily forth, with their array of beaters, dogs,  
huntsmen, and other supernumeraries requisite  
to a hunt of such distinction.

Had there they come, the scarlet coats burn-  
ing red among the tender green leaves, the  
riding-habits floating gracefully, bridles glanc-  
ing, noble horses spurning the yielding turf as  
they breast the hill; dogs in leash by twos, by  
sixes, by dozens, running swiftly, mute and at-  
tentive to their keepers' whips; a gallant sight  
it is.

But as Monica sees the ominous figure of  
Rufus Marshall glided to her father's side, Ga-  
vaine tracking him in the rear, the involuntary  
pleasure dies out of her flushed face, and the  
gloom of death overspreads it.

"Now for it!" she mutters, as she returns the  
glass to its place and drops her veil; "My life  
before his!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES.

SHE let the train sweep past her, then slipped  
from her covert and joined the rear-guard, so  
deftly that not an eye noted the fresh arrival.


Now, I am not going to describe a hunt, which  
has so often and so gloriously been described be-  
fore that my amateurish efforts would only sound  
like a travesty; suffice it to say that as long as  
the beaters reported naught, the hounds kept  
mute, and the riders held together, the veiled  
huntsman rode among the trees, turning now to the  
right hand nor to the left, and so grandly  
ignoring the cavaliers who came in turn to woo  
her from her incognito, that half the men were  
wild to find her out, and all the women were  
dying with uplifted noses at the graceful, puzzle  
who thus dared to attract all the eyes that their  
own loveliness was wont to hold enchained. And  
yet, no one guessed that she was a stranger, not  
only to the Weald, but to the gentry who had  
come to join in the hunt from the neighborhood.  
As for Derwent and his two sleuth-hounds, the  
Marshalls, they were well on in front, and did  
not see her at all.

But when the view-holla at last came, and the  
hounds broke into full cry, and the cavalcade  
spread in wide fan after the straggled hounds,  
and every face was alight with excitement, then  
the veiled lady shot to the front, and edging  
resolutely between the Master of Dornoch and  
Rufus Marshall, rode by her father's side by  
bride, mute, thrilling, and her eyes gleaming at









the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, and even in the forests of Kentucky, as alleged, and for

## This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black, inner cover material. There is no text or other markings on the page.

391-12t



## ON SOME MORE HASH.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Immortal dish the proud Egyptian queen  
Placed on the board  
With all rare viands stored  
At that far festival scene  
And made the Roman Antony to bow  
In homage at her feet!  
A plate of this here sweet  
And complicated revolutionary meat  
And onions sits before me now.

Another spoonful to inspire my soul!  
Food of the gods, by fairy hand  
Stolen from the Peleian board, where, cheek by  
Were ranged the gods in banquet grand;  
And handed down to later time  
Delicious and sublime  
To make the cheapest boarder's heart  
Each morning thrill and start  
To see it put upon the table hot  
And steaming from the pot—  
He welcomes thee with smiles. Why not?

How regular it comes!  
Not with great pomp and roar of drums.  
The good landlady silently steals in  
Like some good angel unawares  
And sets it down the last, and lifts the tin—  
Transported boarder flings pitch in  
And loses your carol!

How has this good dish been maligned  
By folks of little mind,  
Who seem in it to find  
Commodities unfit for food.  
Maligning—misunderstanding—  
They are ghouls, poor souls,  
And they live upon the rolls  
Of the hostess—and her scrolls.  
Depending for their board and bunk  
On stuffed valise and brick-filled trunk,  
And they show how they were reared  
By getting in across I'm afraid,  
And after demolishing the hash  
As a substitute for cash,  
Its reputation smash.

What the conglomeration of this dish  
For which the boarders rave,  
They can't say there is nothing in it.  
Stop a minute,  
And we will hold post-mortem  
Examination and report—  
Foundation strata meats,  
Choice bits  
Economized from supper:  
They might be somewhat tougher;  
Little bits of mutton stewed;  
Little strips of beefsteak chewed;  
Bits of ham and veal and ends of bone  
To give it tone;  
The whole recooked.  
It is not rash to say all flesh is hash.  
Potatoes and chicken knuckles;  
Signs that they had looked  
In the wrong place for the shoe-buckles;  
Evidence that the plate of face  
Got rather out of place;  
Assurances at most  
The hooks and eyes there were not wholly lost;  
Hairs carefully poked out,  
And flies effectually removed;  
As if they'd never been about;  
And glorious onions!

And yet the average boarder growls  
Over the smoking bowl  
Ah, could they ask more in it, say?  
Should they repeat it  
They should be sent away  
And never be allowed to eat it.

## The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,

## YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"  
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"  
"THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

V.

## A STRANGE ABDUCTION—ON THE COAST OF BORNEO.

THEY had left Rona, at the house of Captain Finney, in charge of his wife, who had taken a violent fancy to the Chinese girl, and promised to guard her carefully.

The first day was pleasantly spent in wandering about the city, and noting the objects of interest, strange to any one who has never seen the Queen City of Java, and in buying small articles of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. Captain Dave had given Rona plenty of money, and woman-like, she enjoyed spending it.

The Irish lady, like all her warm-hearted race, could not make enough of the beautiful girl. They could talk to one another of their absent husbands, and speak of their goodness, and so there was a feeling in common.

On the evening of the second day they were seated in the handsome parlor of the private residence of Captain Finney, situated not far from the cathedral, when a rap came at the door and a servant entered. He was a "brother of a boy," a true son of the "gem of the sea," who occupied a sort of confidential position in the family of Captain Finney.

"Sure, mistress," he said, "av ye must know it, there's some divilry afoot."

"What do you mean, Patrick?" asked Mrs. Finney.

"Sure that devil Nader has been here twice the day to find out if the captain w'd be back the night, an' I told him if any man asked him, sure he could say he asked me, an' I wouldn't tell him."

"That was right, Patrick. I have no confidence in the man, and Captain Finney believes that he is in league with Tonan Mai. Keep a good watch, and do not allow any one to come near the house to-night."

Pat made a rude bow and went away, taking up a thick stick which he had placed outside the door, and twirling it in his fingers with a delighted laugh. At the hall door he met Mary O'Toole, a fellow servant, who had an empty place in her hand.

"Pat, alannah," she said, "sure something is wrong wid Tiger."

"Why is that, acushla?"

"Sure I gave him some mate, an' he only looks at it and won't touch it."

Pat hurried out to the kennel, where Tiger, a beautiful English bull-dog, who was kept chained through the day, was lying upon the straw of his box. As he looked up, Pat saw that his eyes were injected with blood and that he had hardly power to raise his head.

"Arrah, Tiger, Tiger, me boy!" said Pat, laying his hand upon the head of the dog. "Ma-vourneen, what is the matter wid ye?"

The dog feebly licked the hand of the Irishman, gave a sort of sob, stretched out his limbs upon the straw, and lay silent. Pat laid his hand upon him and found that the heart had stopped beating. The noble dog was dead!

The howl that Pat set up at this loss was loud enough to be heard in the house, and he came in, lugging the body in his arms.

They laid the animal upon the kitchen floor, and used every remedy which they could think of, but it was of no avail.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid Nader!" cried Pat. "He's poisoned the dog; 'I'll lay me on it."

"Bate him av ye are sure, Pat," suggested Mary.

"I've got something else to think of now," replied Pat. "Take him out to the kennel while I run to the mistress, Mary dear."

Mrs. Finney looked grave when Pat reported the misfortune, but she knew that there were many people in Java who feared the dog, and any of the importunate beggars of Batavia, who had been driven away by fear of him, might have done the cowardly deed.

"It may mean mischief, and it may not, Pat. Look at all the doors and mount guard, and remember that no one is to enter here to-night, unless you know just who it is, and have reported to me first."

Pat went away again and obeyed orders. He got down his gun and loaded it with great care, muttering curses upon the head of Nader, whom he still believed to be the cause of this misfortune. But the night wore on, and nothing was heard to give them any cause for alarm.

At an early hour of the evening the ladies had retired to Mrs. Finney's room, where they were to pass the night together. Each put on a light wrapper and were seated at the window, when behind each arose a shadowy form, and something was thrown over their heads which made crying out impossible. Then the lights went out and all was silent in the room.

Next morning the house was in confusion. An alarm went through Batavia that Captain Finney's lady and the wife of Captain Sawyer had been abducted, but how or by whom it was impossible to say. The Irishman was wild with grief, and declared that he had not left the hall during the night, and that no alarm had been raised.

The window, which opened upon the lawn, was examined, and showed below it the marks of feet, which passed from thence through the back of the grounds to the next street, where all traces were lost. A watchman declared that about eleven o'clock a party had left the grounds by the back gate, but he had not noticed anything suspicious in their movements. One of them he had recognized as Nader, but he knew that the man came often to Captain Finney's house, and thought nothing of his presence there.

The search was commenced at once, and began at Nader's house, but that worthy person had not been seen since early in the evening. His servants knew nothing about him, but said that he was in the habit of leaving home without giving any reason for his absence. One of them, upon being closely questioned, admitted that two strangers had come to the house that afternoon, dark-faced men, who, although they were dressed as Javanese, looked more like Malays. These men had remained in the house, and Nader had gone out twice. The third time when he went out, the men went with him, and none of them had returned.

While the search was at its height, the hunting party came dashing home at full speed. Some of them had found the horses which they had rode, and brought others upon the route; but they came too late. The Parsee was with them, but he betrayed no surprise when he heard the news.

"Let your hearts be strong, oh sahibs," he adjured. "This is the house of Tonan Mai and Nader. The brotherhood of the serpent strike in secret, and rarely miss their mark. If you seek for those you have lost seek for them upon the sea."

"Upon the sea! In that limitless expanse where shall we look for them?" groaned Richard Wade.

"If Tonan Mai has taken them, I can guide you on the way. The Captain Sahib has a ship. Let us take it and search for the lost."

His opinion was quickly confirmed. An English armed trader, coming in to port in a partially disabled condition, reported that they had been attacked by a Malay pirate within ten leagues of the coast. By a lucky shot they had so disabled the pirate that he gave up the contest, and stood away toward the coast of Borneo. He showed as his colors a green flag with a black center.

"I have said it," said the Parsee. "It is the flag of Tonan Mai, and he has taken the women. Let us waste no time."

All saw that this was the only hope, and in an hour's time, having taken on board twenty men, rines, under command of Captain Finney, the Flyaway sailed. Scarcely had they cleared the coast when there arose one of those fearful storms which sweep these seas, and before which they were obliged to run. When the storm broke they were not far from the coast of Borneo, and kept on their course, knowing that such a storm would drive the proa of the Malay pirate before it, if indeed it did not sink her.

In an hour the coast rose black and grim before them, and changing their course, they stood up the coast, searching it with their glasses. Ten leagues to the south of Labuan Captain Dave, who was anxiously watching the coast, uttered a loud cry of joy.

"There is a proa ashore," he cried; "and, by George, that is Tonan Mai's flag fluttering from the broken mast."

The proa had been beached upon the coast, evidently driven there by the storm, and the schooner at once stood in closer. A short distance above they found an inlet, and ran in. An armed party was quickly on shore, and leaving only barely enough to take charge of the schooner, they advanced on a run, and soon reached the wreck, for a wreck it was. The Malay had rushed upon the beach head on, and the bottom was completely torn out of the proa, leaving her past all hope of repair. And, tangled in the splintered bulwark, was the girl, who, which they advanced up with a cry of delight, and pressed to his lips.

"It is Rona's veil!" he said. "Captain Finney, by the help of God we will save them yet."

They were upon the right track; and calling to the front the Parsee, who knew the ground well, they at once took up the trail.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 390.)

## Tales Worth Telling.

BY LAUNCE PONTZ.

I.

CURELY'S SCOUT.

NEARLY seventy years ago, France was the first nation of Europe, and Napoleon was in the zenith of his glory and success. There are some men still alive that remember the day when almost all of us saw more or less of Napoleon's veterans when we were children. Many a dashing and romantic deed was done by unknown soldiers during Napoleon's wars, now forgotten in the luster of the great battles, but well worth telling of to-day, and I have chosen the most interesting some of the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to hear some of them. We will begin with the remarkable expedition of Captain Curely, of which but very few people have ever heard, but which was full of romance.

In the summer of 1809, when Napoleon overran Austria for the third time and besieged Vienna, a part of his army was in Italy, under Eugene Beauharnais, the French Emperor's stepson, slowly following the Austrians, who were retreating to the north under the Archduke Charles. They were in Lombardy, as the northern part of Italy was then called, and General Colbert commanded a brigade of cavalry in the advance of the French army.

It was a clear still morning, just before sunrise, and thousands of little twinkling points, scattered over the landscape, revealed themselves as the camp-fires of the French army. A group of white tents, the only ones in sight, were the headquarters of the advance cavalry, for the French only allowed tents to those superior officers who were obliged to consult maps which required shelter. The sleepers round the fires were beginning to stir, and about the low hum of conversation was increasing every moment, while the long lines of cavalry horses were pawing the ground impatiently at the picket-ropes, and whinnying for their morning feed. Around the headquarters was still silent, a dismounted sentry was pacing slowly up and down in front of the general's tent, when the regular muffled beats of a horse at a gallop were suddenly heard, and a mounted orderly dashed up to headquarters, and pulled up in front of the general's tent.

"General Colbert's quarters?" he asked.

"Ay, ay," said the sentry, a little gruffly, for he felt chilly. "Any orders?"

"Yes, from the viceroy," said the orderly, swinging himself from the saddle. "Rouse him up, chasseur. They are marked immediately."

The sentry knocked at the tent door, and before he had time to speak, out stepped a tall, slender young officer, with very sharp black eyes and a long, heavy black mustache. Early as it was his uniform was as neat, his hair as well brushed, as if he had been up some time, and his dark picturesque dachshund dog, and pelisse, his closely fitting buckskin breeches and polished Hessians, were fresh and unwrinkled.

"I am General Colbert's aide-de-camp. Give me the orders," he said, curtly; and the orderly obeyed, saluting.

The young aide disappeared into the tent, where a stern, gray-headed old officer was sitting up in his camp-bed, listening.

"Orders from the viceroy, general."

The general opened the bed envelope, with its red seal and ran it over hastily.

"Ha—um—very good—certainly," he muttered. Here, Curely, a little work for you, my boy. His highness orders me to send a trustworthy officer, with a hundred men, to reconnoiter the Austrian march, and find whether they are retiring on Venice or the Tyrol. Take Guerin's squadron, and be off. Report to me to-morrow morning. Good-night."

And the general threw him the order, turned over, and went to sleep again; for it was one of his fixed principles never to get up till his column was ready to move.

Curely never smiled. He merely saluted, turned on his heel, and left the tent. He knew he was going on a difficult and dangerous duty, but the general trusted him so implicitly that he felt the very going to sleep as a compliment.

Half an hour later, the early rays of the sun shone on long lines of stamping horses, eating their corn and switching away the flies, while the cavalry was pushing and scraping and combing and brushing was incessant. Through the midst of the lines, a small compact column of horsemen, three abreast, was trotting gently out toward the dim veil of smoke in the distance that told of the Austrian outposts.

"Fillos, Curely, whither bound?" asked the captain of a horse battery, as the column passed him, headed by the lithe, nervous-looking young aide.

Curely smiled. "Who knows?" he answered. "Perhaps to Vienna, perhaps to Naples. *Au revoir.*"

"You won't get much out of Curely when he's under orders," remarked another officer, as the column trotted by. "He keeps a close mouth, but he thinks—morbleu, how he thinks! You'll hear of him before very long."

Meantime Curely, at the head of his little column of horse, had passed the furthest camp, and came out behind the line of outposts which stretched far out in front of the cavalry toward the Austrians. The country was flat and monotonous, full of rich fields, winding roads, little villages scattered around, while patches of wood here and there prevented anything like an extensive view.

The faint line of blue smoke in the distance told of the Austrian army, but not a soul was to be seen on their outposts. Curely's task was to find out where they were going, and it was by no means easy. As soon as he found himself behind the French line of outposts, the young captain turned sharp to the right, and rode straight away behind the line of a quick trot, followed by the troopers. His men were all picked chasseurs, wearing the same rich dress as himself. A black fur bushy, dark green jacket and pelisse barred with black, tight breeches and Hessian boots, sabre, carbine and pistols to each man, low, sturdy horses, with a single day's force slung at the saddle, such was the appearance of Curely's little troop, seventy years ago.

Pretty soon they had passed the last outpost on the right, and struck out into the solitary fields, which looked as silent, once the army was passed, as if the country had been stricken with the plague.

For at least half an hour after leaving the army, Curely kept his trot, till he had crossed a number of fields and entered a quiet, shady road, sheltered with trees on both sides, and marked with old, faint ruins that told of infrequent visits.

As soon as he reached this road, he turned into it, and followed it at an easy walk, in silence, for some time. Ordinarily he was quite a fluent talker, but this day he was unusually silent, and the officer of the squadron found it impossible to extract a word from him. He was constantly glancing nervously into the openings between the trees far ahead, as if watching for something. There was very little conversation in the column behind, moreover. The men knew they were away from their own army, and soldiers are very much like sheep, timid in a strange place.

At last Curely nodded his head sharply, as something caught his eye. Compressing his lips, he exclaimed, "I thought so!" and his face cleared up.

Captain Guerin laughed a little sulkily. "You've had time enough to think, I should say. Not a word to be got out of you for the last hour. Where are we going, if the question is admissible?"

Curely turned to him. "I can tell you now. We are going to visit the Archduke Charles at his quarters."

Guerin stared. Then he burst out laughing. "Well, they call you a dare-devil, Curely, but I think that will puzzle even you. How do you propose to get there?"

"Listen," Curely said in a low tone. "Look over to our left front. Do you see those white specks?"

Guerin peered under his hand in the direction indicated, and exhibited traces of excitement. "By heavens! it is the enemy's wagon train! But you can't surely intend to attack it with this handful!"

"Not a bit of it. My orders are to find where the Austrians are going, and no one can tell us that but their general. You see their patrolling is slack. We are quite outside all their flankers, and they have not seen us. I intend to go into camp with them to-night. Headquarters are sure to be near the wagon train. Let us trot."

As he spoke he quickened his pace and the little column trotted on for another half-hour, till they had placed at least a dozen miles between themselves and their pursuers. Then the march pursued by the distant wagon train, and led them at last to a small Italian village, where their arrival produced a great panic. Curely rode into the place full gallop before any one could escape, and had it surrounded with his men while the inhabitants were still huddled on the village green. There he saw in front of the village inn, two cavalry horses with the Austrian eagle on their trappings.

As soon as the villagers found that the newcomers were French, they laid aside their fears, and they were in Lombardy, as the northern part of Italy was then called, and General Colbert commanded a brigade of cavalry in the advance of the French army.

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archduke, enter the village, while the tents sprang up on the other side. He was just congratulating himself on the success of his plans, when he received a sudden check.

A tramping and bellowing was heard in the underbrush behind him, as a great herd of cattle came through, and the voices of the herdsmen, driving their charges home, warned him that his men would be discovered in another moment. Here Curely's decision and promptness were admirable. He ran back to his men with drawn saber, and before the astonished herdsmen knew what had happened, they found themselves prisoners and tied to trees. Then, giving the word, all the chasseurs led out their horses, mixed up with the cattle, and walked boldly toward the village in the gloom. The ruse was perfectly successful. Without exciting a breath of distrust, they entered the village, and Curely advanced right up to the little inn where the archduke was quartered, as if he belonged there, and peered in at the ground floor window. Three generals were at a table, covered with papers. Then a rough hand seized Curely, as the archduke's sentry spluttered out:

"Gott in himmel! what are you doing?"

Curely, like a flash, shot the man dead, and at the signal his chasseurs leaped on their horses, and began to shoot in all directions. Curely dashed into the general's room, firing a second pistol into the midst of the group, smashing the window as he went, and followed by Guerin, also firing. With singular haste and unanimity the Austrian generals tumbled out of the door, shouting for help, as Curely swept every paper from the table in a bunch, and escaped as he had entered, unharmed.

In another minute he and his men were galloping down the street and back to their own army, amid a perfect babel of confusion, quite unmolested. In five minutes they were back in the wood, amid perfect quiet, for the Austrian cavalry was all unsaddled, and so demoralized by it to be unable to organize a successful pursuit.

Curely, without having lost man or horse, trotted off up the road he had come, and was rewarded, in an hour more, by the sight of the French watchfires, glittering to the right, not a mile off.

Before midnight, he and his general were laughing over his successful scout, and inspecting the written orders of the archduke, which Curely had snatched so cleverly. He had found where the Austrians were going, and had settled the whole plan of a campaign by his daring and subtlety.

(To be continued.)

## What it Meant.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

A RUINOUS old mill, with the sunset throwing a lurid gleam over its moldy sides and moss-grown roof, and two young men facing each other in the full stream of the crimson light where it fell from a wide aperture in the western wall. Outside, a decaying platform overhung the river, dark, rapid and deep, in one quiet eddy of which a cork danced and floated idly on the waves.

One of those confronting faces was stamped with horror and grief unspeakable; the other sneering, demoniacal, exulting, murderous.